

(Name of Project)

by  
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Lila and Dexter sit in a booth across from one another. She looks at him, innately, effortlessly seductive. He smiles pleasantly.

DEXTER  
It is good coffee. Thanks.

LILA  
You've been lying a long time, haven't you?

DEXTER  
(taken aback)  
I have no reason to lie.

LILA  
Sure you do. We all do.

DEXTER  
I wasn't lying.

LILA  
Okay, "Bob."

DEXTER  
(smiles, admitting)  
It is anonymous.

she smiles back. But her gaze is unwavering. penetrating.

LILA  
Everyone in that room has either heard or lived worse than anything you've done.

DEXTER  
I doubt it.

LILA  
Ooh. So you're Super Junkie.

DEXTER  
I didn't mean to imply that what you've gone through hasn't been difficult.

LILA  
But there's no way I could know what you've experienced, right?

He shrugs. No, she couldn't. She leans forward, closer to Him!!, intimate, entrancing...

LILA (CONT'D)

I can't possibly feel that Need.  
Like a thousand hiding voices.  
Whispering. "This is who you are."  
The me that's not-me, the thing  
that mocks and laughs and calls  
with its hunger.

He half-smiles at her strange poetry, not realizing he's been drawn in.

LILA (CONT'D)

It whispers, "Now," and I fight the  
pressure, the growing Need, rising like a  
wave. Prickling and teasing and prodding  
to be fed. But the whispering gets  
louder, until it's screaming "Now!" and  
it's the only voice I hear or want to  
hear -- and I belong to it, to this  
shadow me, to this --

DEXTER

-- Dark Passenger.

The connection between them is electric. She nods, he's given word to her thoughts.

LILA

Yes, The Dark Passenger.

Their eyes are locked...